

# NATIONAL COMICS



NOVEMBER  
No. 37

10¢



SIDE BY SIDE!  
**UNCLE  
SAM**  
and  
*The Vagabond*  
in a stirring  
Tale of the  
"MEN WHO FIGHT  
FOR FREEDOM!"





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### HOW THE 2-LINE FLASH IDENTIFICATION WORKS

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Long-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.  
Two Tall Booms, Rounded Tail Plane.



The 2-Line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the AMERICAN Lockheed P-51 Lightning.

Aurpiz, Toronto



Short-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.  
Two Tall Booms, Rectangular Tail Plane.



The 2-Line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the GERMAN Focke-Wulf Fw 190.

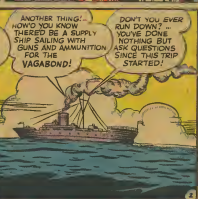
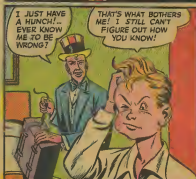
NATIONAL COMICS, November, 1943, No. 37. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, 3 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Office, Dorsey Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. F. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Office, 415 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murday, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 105 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1943 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

**The VAGABOND!**... ACROSS THE PAGES OF HISTORY THE NAME OF THIS VALIANT REBEL WILL BE WRITTEN IN FLAMING LETTERS! HE IS THE SYMBOL OF A PEOPLE CONQUERED, AND YET UNCONQUERABLE!

WHEN THE VAGABOND AND **UNCLE SAM** LINK FORCES TO COMBAT THE LEADER OF THE NAZI ARMY OF ENSLAVEMENT, YOU CAN EXPECT **ANYTHING** TO HAPPEN! -- AND IT **DOES**, IN THIS THRILL-PACKED AND STIRRING TALE OF THE  
**"MEN WHO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!"**...



# UNCLE SAM





OUR REAL STORY  
OPENS IN BERLIN...

COUNT  
GESTAPO, YOU  
HAVE BEEN CHOSEN  
TO FIND AND KILL THAT  
MAN CALLED VAGABOND!  
YOU WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH  
MEN AND MATERIALS FOR  
YOUR MISSION AT ONCE!



I OBEY-  
HERR  
FUEHRER!

THAT VAGABOND  
REBEL MUST BE CRUSHED  
BEFORE HE SPREADS  
REVOLT THROUGH  
ALL THE CONQUERED  
COUNTRIES!



THE REWARD FOR  
SUCCESS WILL BE GREAT,  
COUNT GESTAPO! BUT  
THE REWARD FOR  
FAILURE WILL BE...



DEATH!



Later...  
AT A  
MOUNTAIN  
OUTPOST.

THOSE NAZIS  
CALL ME A KILLER! THE  
VAGABOND, THEY  
SAY, IS "ONE BAO  
MAN WHO KILLS  
THE INNOCENT  
LITTLE NAZIS!"

HOOF BEATS!...  
SOMEONE  
COMES!



COUNT GESTAPO AND  
HIS MEN ARE COMING INTO  
THE HILLS AFTER YOU!

WE PLAY  
"FOX AND HOUNDS"  
AGAIN! THEY'LL  
FIND ME PLENTY  
HARD TO  
CATCH!



TO HORSE, MEN!  
THE VAGABOND  
RIDES AGAIN!



BY THE SAINTS!  
WE HAVEN'T GUNS  
OR AMMUNITION  
ENOUGH TO  
FIGHT OFF  
SUCH AN  
ARMY!

WE CAN RETREAT  
TO THE VALLEY!  
THEY'LL NEVER  
FIND US  
THERE!



BACK  
TO THE  
VALLEY!



*Suddenly...*

WHOA! YOU'RE  
RIDING INTO  
A TRAP!



MY GOOD  
FRIEND,  
UNCLE  
SAM!

TWO NAZI  
REGIMENTS ARE  
WAITING IN THE  
VALLEY! THEY'LL  
CUT YOU TO  
PIECES!

AHA! THIS  
IS SOMETHING  
YOU DIDN'T  
TELL ME...  
EH, RAUL?



I HAVE BUT  
TWO EYES!... I  
CANNOT SEE  
EVERYTHING!

BUT WHAT  
CAN WE DO?  
I CAN'T  
FIGHT THESE  
NAZIS WITHOUT  
GUNS OR  
AMMUNITION!

YOUR AMERICAN  
FRIENDS HAVE  
AN ANSWER FOR  
THAT! COME!  
...I'LL SHOW  
YOU!







**THE VAGABOND'S VALIANT GUERRILLA BAND  
FIGHTS FROM EVERY AVAILABLE COVER!**



THIS IS A  
LOSING FIGHT!  
ALL THOSE  
SUPPLIES  
WILL SOON  
BELONG  
TO THE  
NAZIS!

NOT IF  
I CAN  
HELP IT!

I'M GOING TO EXPLODE THAT  
DYNAMITE! THAT'LL TAKE CARE  
OF THE REST! TRY TO KEEP  
ME COVERED!

WE'LL  
COVER YOU  
LIKE A  
BLANKET!  
...BUT BE  
CAREFUL!



WHEW!  
THINGS ARE  
CERTAINLY  
GETTING  
HOT  
AROUND  
HERE!



HE'S GOING  
TO EXPLODE  
THE DYNAMITE!  
STOP HIM!



YOU'RE  
TOO LATE!...  
RUN!



UNCLE SAM!

I'VE SEEN HIM COME THROUGH WORSE THAN THIS! WAIT AND SEE!

HELLO, FOLKS! THAT WAS QUITE A FIRECRACKER I SET OFF!

GEE! I THOUGHT YOU... GOSH!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE! ... HEAD FOR THE HILLS!

GOOD! ... COUNT GESTAPO WILL NEED TIME TO GET HIS MEN TOGETHER -- WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM!

THAT NIGHT...

WITHOUT THE GUNS AND AMMUNITION, WE CAN'T FIGHT! IT APPEARS THAT THE VAGABOND IS FINISHED!

THERE'S STILL ONE CHANCE!



COUNT GESTAPO'S HEADQUARTERS IS IN THE TOWN OF RYALVI! THERE MUST BE PLENTY OF ORDNANCE SUPPLIES THERE!

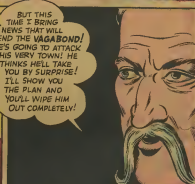
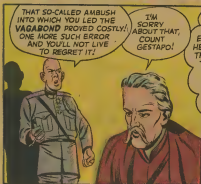
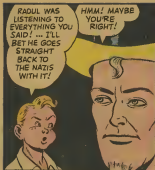
SHH-HH! ... UNCLE SAM!

WE'RE GOING DOWN THE RIVER ON THESE RAFTS! THEN WE'LL SURPRISE GESTAPO'S MEN FROM THE REAR!

IT'LL WORK! I'M SURE!











**I**N THE TURBULENT WATER,  
THE VAGABOND AND HIS  
MEN MAKE DIFFICULT TARGETS!



**SHOOT  
THEM!  
KILL  
THEM!  
THEY'RE  
GETTING  
AWAY!**

**COUNT  
GESTAPO!**



**SHOOTING  
IS COMING FROM  
THE TOWN! WE'RE  
BEING  
ATTACKED!**

**WHAT?**



**GET THE  
MEN BACK TO  
TOWN! HURRY!  
WE'VE BEEN  
TRICKED!**



**IT LOOKS AS  
IF OUR FLANK  
ATTACK TOOK  
'EM BY  
SURPRISE,  
BUDDY!**

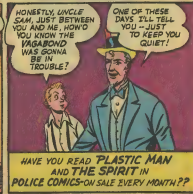
**THE VAGABOND  
CERTAINLY THREW  
THEM OFF  
THE TRAIL!**



**THEY DON'T  
KNOW THAT MOST  
OF THE MEN  
CAME WITH  
US!**

**THEY'VE FOUND  
OUT BY THIS TIME!  
WE'LL BE READY  
FOR 'EM!**



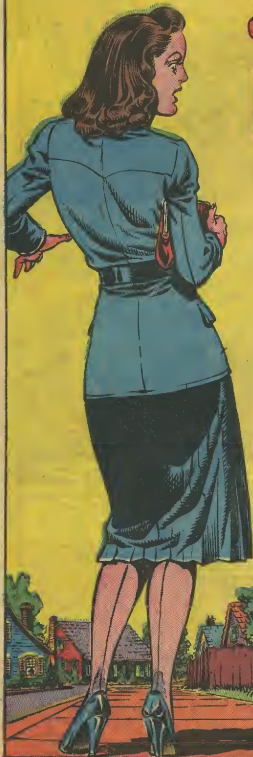




Policewoman

# SALLY O'NEIL

AND THE  
MIGHTY  
MIDGET



By  
A.L.  
BRYANT

THIS IS THE  
STORY OF  
**MR. INCH,**  
THE SMALLEST  
MAN IN THE  
WORLD! ...

FOR HIM, A TASTE  
OF POWER FED THE  
FLAMES OF AMBITION!  
HE BECAME INVOLVED  
WITH UNSCRUPULOUS  
RACKETEERS AND  
UNWITTINGLY GAVE  
**SALLY  
O'NEIL**  
THE CLUE TO THE  
GANG LEADER!

LADEES AND GENTLEMEN...  
RIGHT THIS WAY! ... ONLY TEN  
CENTS --ONE DIME-- TO SEE  
THE BIGGEST LITTLE  
SHOW ON EARTH!

AS THE FEATURED  
ATTRACTION, WE GIVE  
YOU MR. INCH, THE  
SMALLEST MAN IN THE  
WORLD! HE IS FORTY-  
FIVE YEARS OLD ...  
STANDS 20 INCHES...

MAMA--  
LOOK AT  
THE LITTLE  
LIVE DOLL!

HE WAS  
BORN OF  
NORMAL  
PARENTS...

ISN'T HE JUST  
DARLING?...

HI,  
DARLING!  
DOES THE  
LITTLE BABY  
WANNA  
FIGHT?

YES... I  
WANT TO  
FIGHT!  
TAKE THAT  
--AND  
THAT!...

**OWW!**  
LET GO!  
**HELP!**

YOU  
LITTLE  
BRAT!!

STOP...  
YOU RED-  
FACED  
BILLY-  
GOAT!

YOU CAN'T  
PUSH MY  
BOY  
AROUND!

I AM  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR ALL  
THIS!

**YOU STARTED  
THIS FIGHT! ...  
YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST!**

FINE, SISTER...  
LET'S GO!  
THIS IS THE  
MOST FUN I  
EVER HAD!





TEN DAYS LATER ...

I HAVE TEN DOLLARS...  
A MAN OF THE WORLD  
MUST EAT WELL! THEN---



IT'S A CINCH, BOSS!  
YOU CAN'T LOSE! YOU GOT  
THE SOCIAL SET ON  
YOUR SIDE!...

INTERESTING  
CONVERSATION



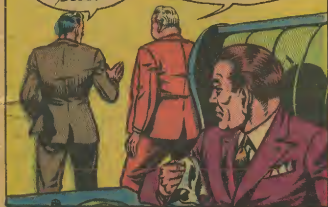
--AN' THE  
GANG'S SURE  
PUTTIN' ON  
THE HEAT  
FOR YOU!

WE CAN'T  
TALK HERE,  
BANTAM! MEET  
ME AT THE HOTEL  
AT FOUR! .....  
SUITE 160!



IT'LL BE  
SWEET SAILIN'  
AFTER YOU'RE  
ELECTED,  
BOSS!

WE'LL HAVE THE  
POWER, BANTAM! WE'LL  
CLEAN UP WITH OUR BLACK  
MARKET SET-UP!



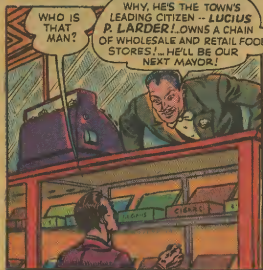
HOW ARE YOU,  
MR. LARDER? I'M  
GOING TO VOTE  
FOR YOU!

THANKS!  
HAVE A  
CIGAR!



WHO IS  
THAT  
MAN?

WHY, HE'S THE TOWN'S  
LEADING CITIZEN -- LUCIUS  
P. LARDER! OWNS A CHAIN  
OF WHOLESALE AND RETAIL FOOD  
STORES!... HE'LL BE OUR  
NEXT MAYOR!



I SHOULD CULTIVATE  
THE ACQUAINTANCE OF  
INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE!  
I WILL CALL ON THE  
PROSPECTIVE MAYOR!



LATER THAT AFTERNOON... IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE ...

CHIEF...THE RACKETEERS OF THIS TOWN ARE LIKE MUSHROOMS!... YOU PICK OFF ONE AND TWO SPRING UP IN THE SPOT!

THE WAR HAS BROUGHT NEW RACKETS---



WORKERS ARE GETTING GOOD MONEY AND THE GAMBLING DIVES ARE FLOURISHING! THERE ARE BLACK MARKETS AND FOOD BOOTLEGGERS ---

--AND NOW THE GROCERS PAY OFF OR THEY DON'T GET LOADED AT THE WHOLESALE HOUSE!



KEEP AT IT, SALLY! WE MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

I'VE A HUNCH ONE RINGLEADER IS BACK OF IT ALL! SOONER OR LATER, WE'LL LOCATE THE RAT!



IN THE MEANTIME... AT THE HOTEL SUITE OF LUCIUS P. LARDER ...

YOU SURE ARE SMART, BOSS! THE BIGSHOT OF THE TOWN, RUNNIN' FOUR RACKETS AT ONCE, AN' NOBODY TUMBLIN' TO IT!

FORGET IT! HOW ABOUT THE GROCERS?



THEY KNOW ENOUGH TO COME THROUGH! A FIVE DOLLAR LOADIN' FEE AIN'T MUCH-- FOR STAYIN' HEALTHY!

SLOW DOWN UNTIL AFTER ELECTION! THEN IT'LL COME EASY!

AT THIS POINT, MR. INCH STEPS FROM BEHIND A CHAIR!

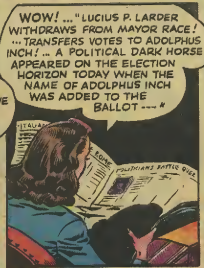
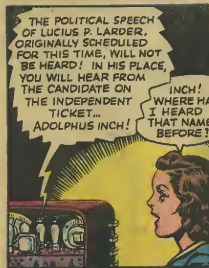
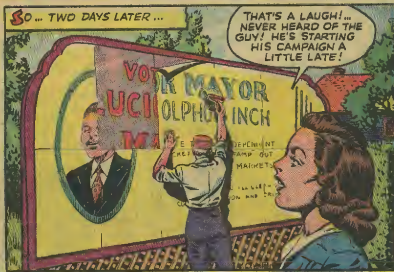
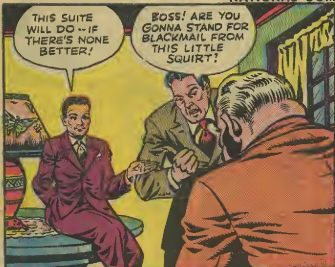
GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN! HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING!

WHO ARE YOU?

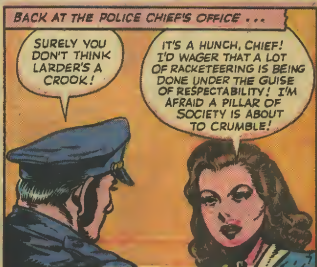
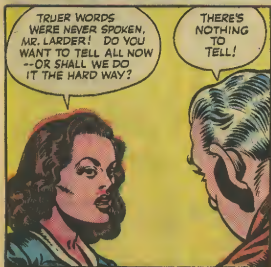
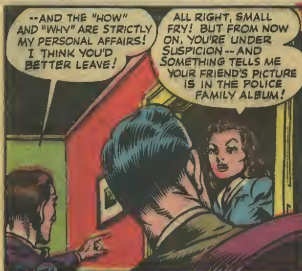


MR. INCH... ADOLPHUS INCH! ... THE SMALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD! ... IT MAY SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT I EXPECT TO BE YOUR NEXT MAYOR!



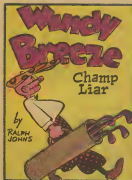






THE NEXT DAY... IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE AGAIN...





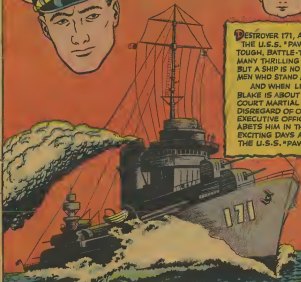


# DESTROYER 171



**D**ESTROYER 171, ALSO KNOWN AS THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE," IS THE TOUGH, BATTLE-TRIED VETERAN OF MANY THRILLING SEA COMBATS! BUT A SHIP IS NO BETTER THAN THE MEN WHO STAND AT HER BRIDGE!

AND WHEN LIEUT. COMMANDER BLAKE IS ABOUT TO FACE A COURT MARTIAL FOR THE WILFUL DISREGARD OF ORDERS, AND HIS EXECUTIVE OFFICER AIDS AND ABETS HIM IN THE CRIME ... EXCITING DAYS ARE AHEAD FOR THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE"!



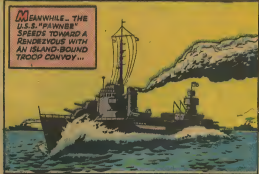
**T**HIS IS A RED CROSS SHIP ... BUT THE TORPEDO THAT BLASTS OPEN HER SIDES IS AS DEVOID OF FEELING AS THE JAPANESE COMMANDER WHO ORDERED THE ATTACK! ...



SOON ALL THAT REMAINS AFLOAT ON A SEA OF DESOLATION, IS A SINGLE LIFEBOAT OF THE DEAD ...



**M**EANWHILE... THE U.S.S. "PAWNER" SPEEDS TOWARD A RENDEZVOUS WITH AN ISLAND-BOUND TROOP CONVOY...



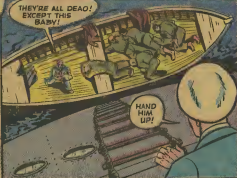
THAT'S DISOBEYING ORDERS, COMMANDER BLAKE! IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THE CONVOY...

FORGET THE ORDERS! DO AS I SAY!



THE U.S.S. "PAWNER" PULLS ALONGSIDE THE LIFEBOAT ...

THEY'RE ALL DEAD! EXCEPT THIS BABY!



HAND HIM UP!

HE'S SUFFERING FROM EXPOSURE AND SHOCK! GET THE SHIP'S DOCTOR TO LOOK AFTER HIM!

AYE, SIR!



THIS MESSAGE JUST NOW CAME FROM THE ADMIRAL IN CHARGE OF THE CONVOY!

SPARE ME THE DETAILS, CONVOY! TELL ME THE WORST!



YOU'VE BEEN RELIEVED OF YOUR COMMAND, SIR! I'M ORDERED TO TAKE OVER THE SHIP!

WELL, I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING WHEN I DISOBEYED ORDERS!



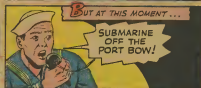
SO THE U.S.S. "PAWNER" LIFTS ANCHOR AGAIN WITH A NEW MASTER AT ITS HELM ...

BY JEEPER! I'D DO IT AGAIN! AND I'D GIVE A YEARS PAY TO GET AT THE JAP DEVILS WHO TORPEDGED THAT SHIP!

I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL, SIR! BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!







OVER THE LURKING JAP SUBMARINE, THE U.S.S. "RAWNEE" SOWS A DEADLY TRAIL OF EXPLOSIVE DEPTH BOMBS!...

THAT SHOULD BRING OUR LITTLE FRIEND OUT OF HIDING!

OR SEND HIM STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM!



DESCEND AT ONCE! WE MUST DIVE BEYOND REACH OF DEPTH BOMBS!

WE CANNOT DIVE, HONORABLE CAPTAIN! THE PLATES ARE SPRUNG!

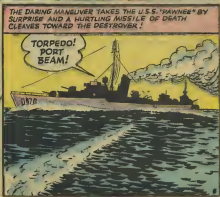
WE WILL DROWN IF WE STAY HERE!



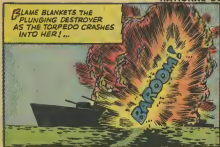
ASCEND TO PERISCOPE DEPTH! ... FIRE NUMBER THREE TORPEDO!

THE DARING MANEUVER TAKES THE U.S.S. "RAWNEE" BY SURPRISE AND A HURLING MISSILE OF DEATH CLEAVES TOWARD THE DESTROYER!

TORPEDO! PORT BEAM!



**BLAME BLANKETS THE  
PLUNGING DESTROYER  
AS THE TORPEDO CRASHES  
INTO HER!...**



HERE COMES THE  
KILLER! HE HEARD  
THE EXPLOSION!



**FIRE!**



EASY,  
MEN!  
TAKE YOUR  
TIME AND  
MAKE IT  
GOOD!



WE'RE  
DONE  
FOR!

ORDER BULKHEADS  
SEALED! GET THE  
PUMPS WORKING!



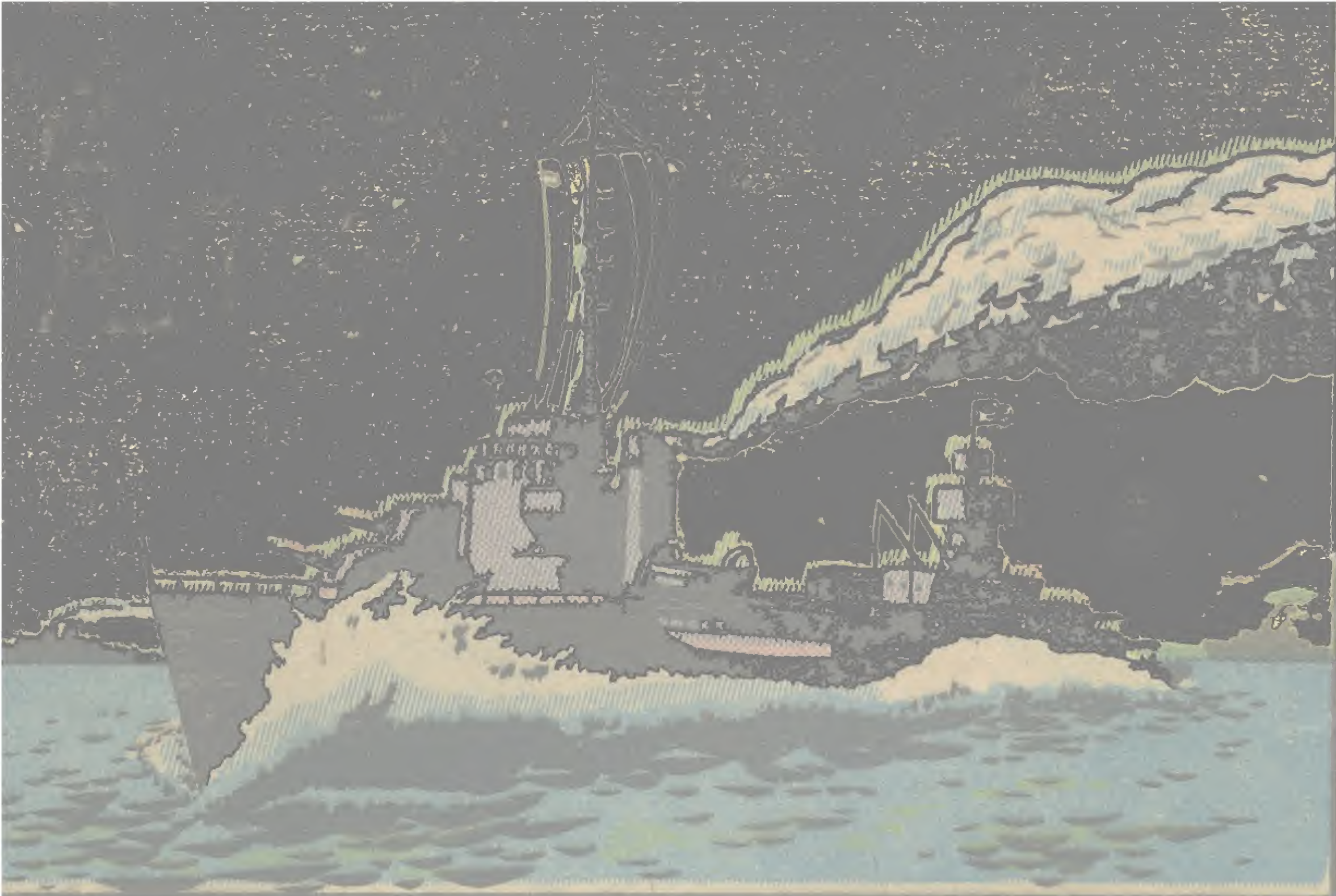
YANKEE DESTROYER STILL  
FLOATS! PREPARE TO  
FIRE!



**GIVE  
IT TO  
'EM!**







**NO SIGN OF  
PAGE 29**



**WE GOT THE  
SUB -- BUT I  
WONDER HOW  
THE REST OF  
THE STORY  
ENDED?**

**OH, THE  
KID WAS  
PROBABLY  
THE SON  
OF THE  
CONVOY  
ADMIRAL**





# Salty WATERS

The image is a comic book cover. At the top, the title 'Salty WATERS' is written in a large, stylized font. 'Salty' is in a cursive script, while 'WATERS' is in bold, block letters with a red outline. Below the title, there's a horizontal line. The main part of the cover features two characters: a sailor with a mustache and a young boy. The sailor is on the left, wearing a dark uniform with gold stripes on his sleeve and a white sailor's cap. He is looking towards the boy. The boy is on the right, wearing a white sailor's cap and a white shirt. He has a surprised or excited expression. There are two speech bubbles. The one from the sailor says 'PAGE 30 IS MISSING!'. The one from the boy says 'DAMN! I MIGHT HAVE BEEN FUNNY THIS MONTH!'. The background is a mix of pink, green, and blue colors, suggesting an outdoor setting.

**PAGE 30 IS  
MISSING!**

**DAMN!  
I MIGHT  
HAVE BEEN  
FUNNY  
THIS MONTH!**

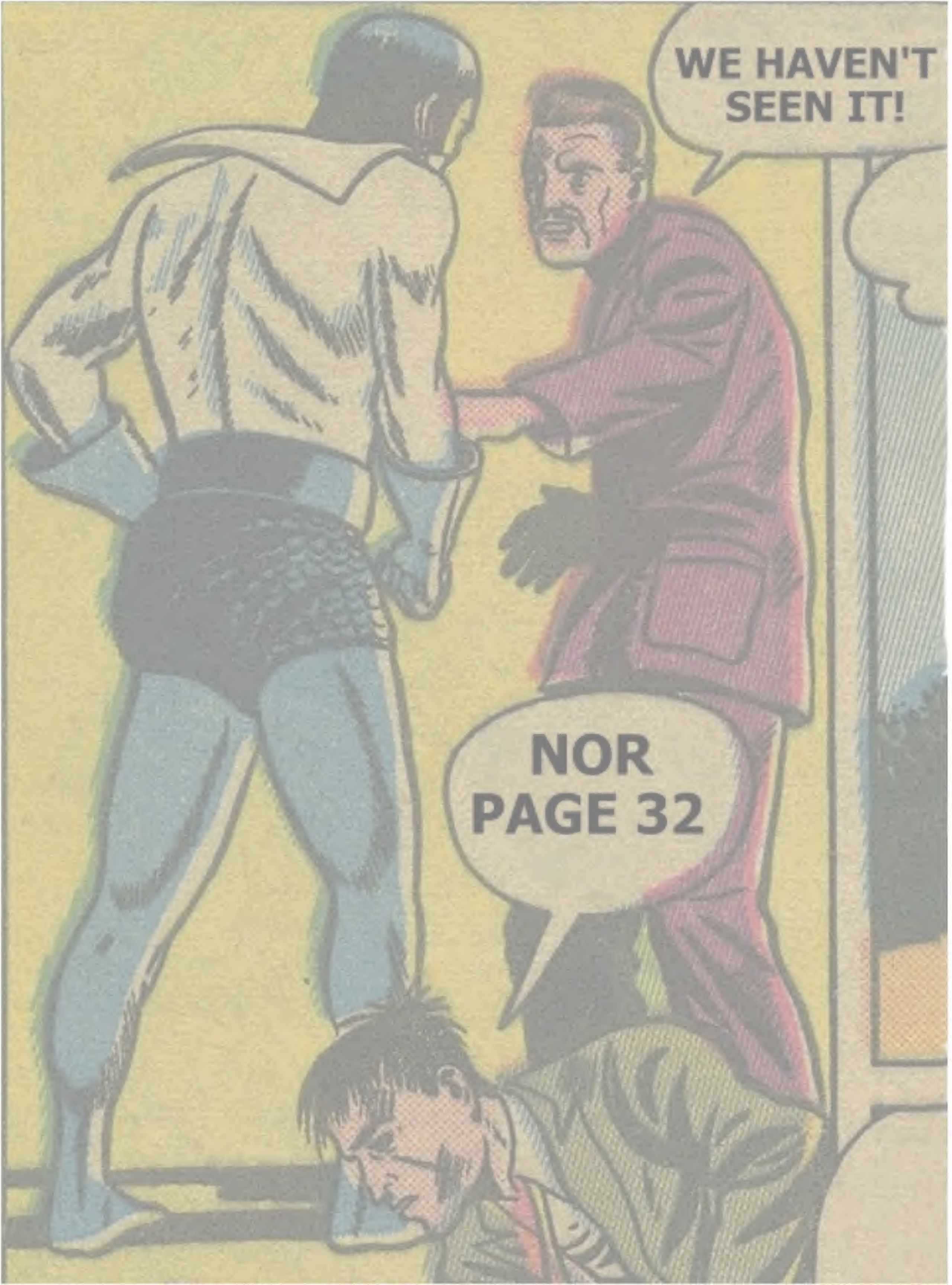


**WHAT HAVE  
YOU THUGS  
DONE WITH  
PAGE 31?**

A comic book illustration featuring Quicksilver, a character with white hair and a blue suit, in a dynamic pose. He is surrounded by other characters, including one with dark hair and a red shirt. The background is a solid red color. The illustration is rendered in a classic comic book style with bold lines and a limited color palette.

**QUICKSILVER!**





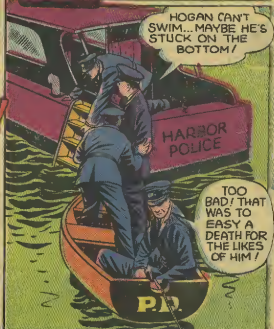
**WE HAVEN'T  
SEEN IT!**

**NOR  
PAGE 32**

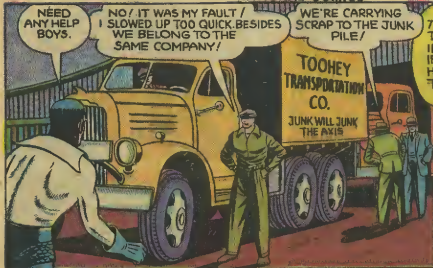




HARBOR POLICE AND GRAPPLING HOOKS SEARCH FOR HOGAN'S BODY







NEED ANY HELP BOYS.

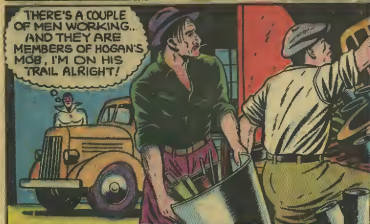
NO! IT WAS MY FAULT / I SLOWED UP TOO QUICK. BESIDES WE BELONG TO THE SAME COMPANY!

WE'RE CARRYING SCRAP TO THE JUNK PILE!

HMMM... THE "TOOHEY TRANSPORTATION COMPANY"! THAT WAS A PHONY ACCIDENT IF I EVER SAW ONE! WONDER IF THEY COULD POSSIBLY HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS HOGAN AFFAIR?... I THINK I'LL LOOK THEM UP!



LATER THAT NIGHT QUICKSILVER MAKES HIS WAY DOWN-TOWN TO THE OFFICES OF THE TOOHEY TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.



THERE'S A COUPLE OF MEN WORKING... AND THEY ARE MEMBERS OF HOGAN'S MOB, I'M ON HIS TRAIL ALRIGHT!

WE GOTTA GET THIS LOAD OF JUNK OUT TO THE COUNTRY WAREHOUSE TONIGHT.

YEAH - AND BRING SOME GRUB TO HACKLEHEAD, TOO!

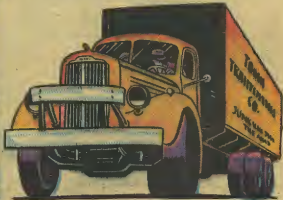
I'VE GOT TO STOW AWAY IN THAT TRUCK.



C'MON, LET'S GET A DRINK BEFORE WE TAKE THE TRUCK AWAY.

NOW'S MY CHANCE!

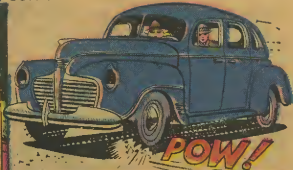
HALF AN HOUR LATER THE TRUCK ROLLS OUT FOR ITS DESTINATION...



OH, OH!  
SOME OF THE  
BOYS ARE  
FOLLOWING  
ALONG... SORT  
OF A REAR GUARD.  
I'LL GET RID  
OF THEM!



I'LL TOSS OUT  
SOME OF THE NAILS  
AND TACKS IN  
THIS SCRAP!

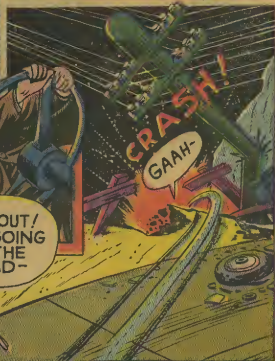


POW!



EEYAH!

LOOKOUT!  
WE'RE GOING  
OFF THE  
ROAD-

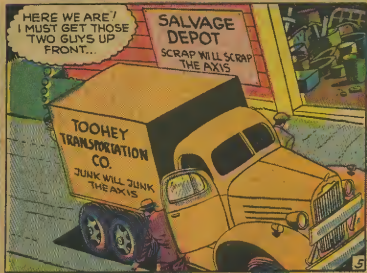


CRASH!

GAAH-



BETTER  
LUCK THAN I  
EXPECTED!

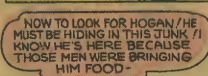


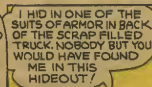
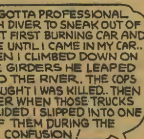
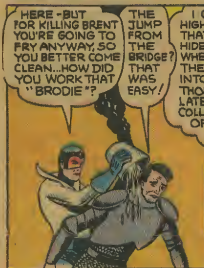
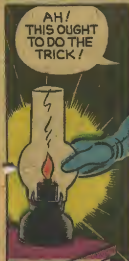
HERE WE ARE!  
I MUST GET THOSE  
TWO GUYS UP  
FRONT...

SALVAGE  
DEPOT

SCRAP WILL SCRAP  
THE AXIS

TOOHEY  
TRANSPORTATION  
CO.  
JUNK WILL JUNK  
THE AXIS





FOLLOW THE ACTION CRAMMED ADVENTURES OF QUICKSILVER IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS!



# THE UNKNOWN

The hatred of conquered people for their conquerors festers like an open wound ... and it is certain as death, that at the first opportunity, the oppressed will rise up against those who would tread them into the ground! Thus, as the United States delivers sledgehammer blows at the marauding Japs, the hitherto docile Koreans find new courage to resist their brutal masters ... and watching **THE UNKNOWN** in action adds fuel to the growing flame of their desire for freedom!



**ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS ... SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC ...**

ACCORDING TO THIS RED CROSS REPORT, CAPTAIN WALKER AND MAJOR DEERING ARE IN THE BIG TAKI PRISON CAMP IN KOREA!

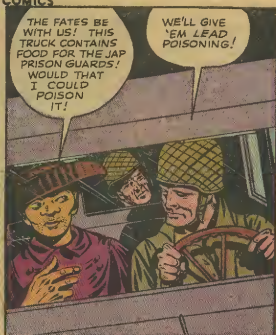
AND PROBABLY GETTING THE WORKS FROM THE NIPS!

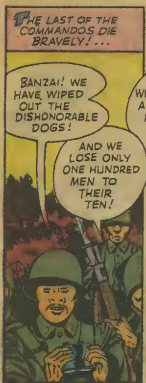
TWO OF OUR MOST VALUABLE MEN ROTTING IN A FILTHY JAP CAMP! ... SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO GET THEM OUT!

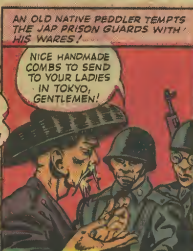
THE KOREANS HATE THE JAPS! THEY'D HELP US, IF WE COULD ORGANIZE A COMMANDO RAID!

**A CAREFULLY PLANNED COMMANDO PARTY LANDS ON THE KOREAN SHORE ...**



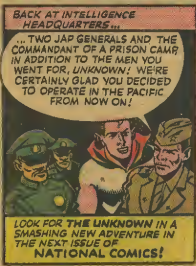
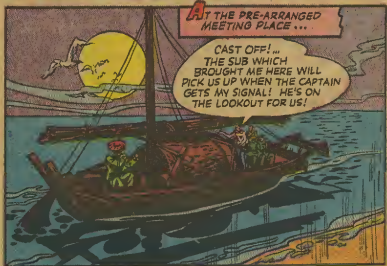












LOOK FOR THE UNKNOWN IN A SMASHING NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!

# GOLDEN RETRIBUTION

AS darkness fell, Thorvald shivered and drew his body farther into the clump of mouse bushes. He had been waiting there for three hours, waiting for Sig Norman to come along with his dog team—and the mail. It was not the mail Thorvald wanted. It was the Big Horn Mine payroll, and it was more than \$20,000.00.

"Twenty grand!" Thorvald breathed. "With that much gelt I can own the world!"

Thorvald Swensen had been in the Yukon less than a year, but he knew everything that went on in the vast territory. He was not a crook. Which is to say, not a habitual criminal. But Thorvald was ambitious. He had no intention of digging out a meager existence in the gold streams. A year of that had proved to him that one doesn't get rich unless—

The opening of the Big Horn Mine had opened up a bright vista for Thorvald. He made plans quickly, got figures on the payroll and personnel, and bided his time. No use knocking over the mine payroll while it was small.

So Thorvald waited and watched the mine grow by leaps. After six months, the weekly pay was around twenty thousand dollars. Now was the time to grab it!

Sig was late. More than once Thorvald had watched, hidden, while Sig Norman glided past with his sled loaded with greenbacks and gold. But tonight Sig was behind schedule.

Ah! The sharp yip of a dog cut through the frosty air, and Thorvald tensed, grasping his rifle. This was to be no holdup; Thorvald meant to murder Sig, so there would be no chance of pinning the guilt on him—Thorvald.

The yips of the dogs drew rapidly nearer and Thorvald could hear the screech of the sled runners on the hard-packed snow. Then the sled swung into view.

Thorvald moistened his lips. Murder wasn't exactly in his category. But there was no other way. He lifted his rifle as the sled swept past, and drew a bead on the back of Sig's baika-covered head. He pressed the trigger.

Sig threw up his hands and pitched forward, rolling over several times. The dogs yelped and howled and milled around in a tangle of harness. Thorvald strode toward them. In a few moments he had lifted the three heavy bags of gold out of the sled. Then he was gone into the silent night.

Nature conspired to help Thorvald, for soon after he had committed murder a violent storm blew up out of the north. The snow fell in a deep blanket, covering the body of Sig Norman, obliterating Thorvald's tracks.

This was on a Friday night. Saturday morning, Nick Daley, Superintendent of the Big Horn Mine, sat in his office with a worried expression and directed a query to Gus Malone, his foreman.

"What the devil's happened to Sig, do you suppose? He's always got here on Friday night."

Gus shook his head. "Foul play, I'd say, Nick. Sig ain't one to let anything interfere with his duty, not him."

"Meaning?" said Daley.

"Someone's bumped him off for the payroll."

"May make trouble among the men," Daley returned. "They're

pretty touchy anyhow on account of working in that level they think is dangerous."

At noon the men filed out of the deep mine and lined up at the paymaster's window. It was closed. Daley stepped out of his office and cleared his throat.

"Men," he said, "the payroll has not arrived. It is not like Sig Norman to be late—this late anyhow. He may have had trouble. However, you men go back to work and don't worry; the payroll is insured, and you'll get your money very soon."

There was considerable grumbling among the miners, but they went back to work.

Daley dispatched two men to go back over Sig's trail. He knew they would have a hard time discovering anything because of the deep fall of snow.

The factor at MacGreggor House, headquarters of the Yukon Mounted Police, was startled to see a dog team, without a driver, come tearing down the street.

"Hey, Joe!" he shouted. "Ain't that Sig Norman's team 'a-comin'?"

Joe, a half-breed, grunted an affirmative. Then the two men went outside as the panting dog team drew up and stopped.

"What the devil does this mean, I wonder?" the factor demanded. "You s'pose someone stuck up Sig?"

Joe pointed to the sled. "Someone take payroll," he grunted. Then he touched the handrail on the sled. "Blood," he stated.

The factor looked closely. Sure enough, there was a splotch of blood on the rail! Someone had shot Sig! The factor ran inside and through a door into Inspector

Hennessey's office. In a moment the inspector was outside, examining the sled.

Joe the half-breed found Sig's body. The mail carrier had been shot in the head with a 30-30 slug. Shot from behind.

Who murdered Sag Norman?

The story of the crime went out on the Mounted Police teletype and a big search for the killer got under way. A week went by. Two. No trace of Thorvald Swensen showed up. Nor was he suspected, even though it was discovered that he had left his cabin on the Whitehorse River.

At the moment Thorvald was skulking through a heavy wood, his middle weighted down by three sacks of gold. Thorvald was tired. He had been tramping toward the west for nearly three weeks, and had seen nobody. Nobody until this afternoon. Then, sensing another presence, he had turned and seen a Mounty on his trail. Or was he on his trail?

Thorvald put on more speed. He wasn't certain that the Mounty had spotted him, but he was taking no chances. He became convinced of the officer's intention, however, late that afternoon. He too had speeded up, keeping about a mile behind Thorvald.

There was only one thing Thorvald wanted to do and that was to reach the coast. There he could grab a steamer for Seattle. He knew where he could change the gold into greenbacks in the city.

It was getting dark when Thorvald decided on a showdown with the red-coated policeman. He hid in a clump of brush and waited. A half hour passed and then Thorvald heard a twig snap. He checked his rifle and held his breath. The Mounty stepped hesitantly into view, halting a few paces from Thorvald. Now was the time!

"All right, you—freeze!" Thorvald snapped, rising, with his rifle covering the cop.

The latter lifted his hands, dropping his carbine on the ground.

"What's the idea?" he asked easily.

"That's what I'm askin' you," Thorvald replied. "You're tailin' me. What for?"

The Mounty said, "I had orders to check on everyone on my beat. here's been a murder and robbery over on the Whitehorse. . . . Mind if I lower my arms?"

"Keep 'em up!" Thorvald barked. Then:

"Who was murdered?"

"Fellow by the name of Sig Norman. The killer took the Big Horn Mine payroll off his sled." The Mounty's gaze shifted to Thorvald's waist, bulging under its burden of gold. Then he did a rash thing. He went for his pistol. Thorvald fired, knocking the officer off his feet. At that range Thorvald knew he had got his man in a vital spot. He turned and hastened down the darkening trail, leaving the Mounty sprawled on the ground.

"I wonder," he muttered as he trudged along, "if the feller knew it was me."

Thorvald's spirits were high as he put the miles behind him. This was wild territory, seldom seen by white men, so there was little possibility of any more Mounties showing up. Thorvald figured that he was less than fifty miles from the coast. Then Seattle! And his wealth converted into hard cash!

The trees thinned out as Thorvald forged ahead, dropping ever lower toward the coastline. The last of the snow he had left a mile above. Now, there was brown, frozen ground covered with craggy brush that tore and ripped at his clothes and flesh. He slipped and several times fell, bruising himself on the rough shale. Too, the heavy bags of gold about his waist were beginning to tell on his strength. His back felt par-

alyzed. He wished he could change the position of the bags.

Thorvald came to a narrow, swift river and an overturned Indian dugout. What luck! The river emptied into the Pacific. Thorvald at last got the heavy canoe afloat and climbed in, with the broad paddle in his hands. He shoved off. . . .

. . . .

Squint-eye, the Siwash Indian, sang as he paddled his dugout along the rapid stream. The season had been good, the salmon catches abundant, and caribou fat and plentiful. So Squint-eye sang from a full heart. There was a new papoose in his hut—that made seven. He had named them for the days of the week. On the seventh day, the white missionary had told him, the Lord rested. Today was the seventh day and accordingly Squint-eye lazed in the stern of his canoe and gave forth in a plaintive tribal song.

He saw a whitefish leap high out of the water and splash back again. Squint-eye sometimes fed the fish, when he wasn't angling for them, so now he heaved a handful of crumbs into the water. He looked over the side, able to see many feet into the clear depths.

What was that! Squint-eye dropped his stone anchor over-side, peeled off his caribou pants and jacket, and dived. He came up with a water-logged body around whose waist were several big bulges. Squint-eye explored the bulges, after he had got the drowned man aboard his canoe, gasped at what he found, then nodded sagely. This was stolen gold, and Squint-eye would turn it in to the Mounted Police.

Why did he know that it was stolen? That was easy to figure out, according to Indian logic. Who other than a thief would have so cleverly hidden the bags around his waist—bags so heavy that they held him on the bottom when his canoe capsized!



# CYCLONE CUPID

HE AIN'T  
STUPID

THE CASE OF THE  
"PURLOINED PURSE"  
AND  
WHO DUN IT!  
OR

KUPID KATCHES KRAZY  
KLEPTOMANIAC!



THE THIEF DUCKS INTO A  
DOORWAY!..



...AND DASHES UP TO HIS ROOM  
WHERE HE DEPOSITS HIS  
ILL GOTTEN GAIN INTO A  
BUREAU FULL OF OTHER  
PURSES...



STOP!



GEE, MR. CUPID, I COULDN'T  
HELP STEALING! I'M A KLEPTO-  
MANIAC... BUT NOW THAT I HAVE  
GOT YOUR HONESTY ARROW, I  
PROMISE NEVER TO STEAL  
AGAIN!



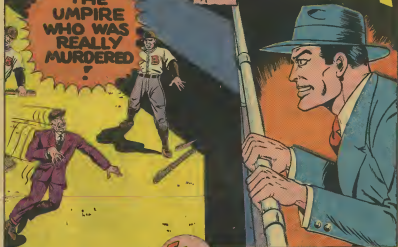
GOOD-BYE  
MR. CUPID! AND  
THANKS!



# CHIC CARTER

**THE  
UMPIRE  
WHO WAS  
REALLY  
MURDERED**

VERNON  
HENKEL



THIS IS MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME! BASEBALL... A MAN'S GAME!

SEC. 8

I STILL THINK WE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE TENNIS MATCHES! TENNIS IS MORE GRACEFUL!



**THE  
GAME GETS  
UNDER  
WAY...**

YER OUT!



HE WAS SAFE, Y'BIG BUM!

I SAID HE WAS OUT!



HE WUZ SAFE!  
MOIDER THAT  
UMPIRE!



THERE SEEMS TO BE  
SOME SLIGHT DISAGREE-  
MENT, BUT I DON'T SEE  
THE REASON FOR  
ALL THE EXCITEMENT!

HMM...  
I'D  
EXPECT  
A CRACK  
LIKE THAT  
FROM A  
TENNIS  
FAN!



THE FIFTH  
INNING...

GREEN SOX, 4-  
BROWNIES, 0!  
WELL... THE  
BROWNIES GO  
TO BAT NOW!...  
MAYBE THEY'LL  
WAKE UP!



STRI-I-I-KE  
ONE!



STRI-I-I-KE  
TWO!



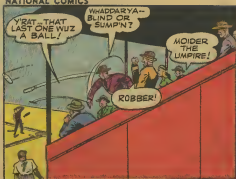
THAT WAS NO  
STRIKE! IT MISSED  
THE PLATE BY A  
MILE! WHADDAYA  
TRYIN' T'DO? -GIVE  
THEM GREEN SOX  
THE GAME?



MY... BUT THAT  
UMPIRE SEEMS  
TO BE  
UNPOPULAR!

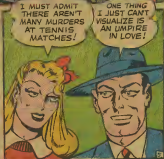
NOBODY LOVES AN  
UMPIRE... AND THERE  
SEEMS TO BE A LOT  
OF FEELING THAT HE  
FAVORS THE GREEN  
SOX!











LOOK FOR ANOTHER EXCITING CHIC CARTER ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS!!

# G-2

## of the ARMY INTELLIGENCE

**S**OME PEOPLE BELIEVE  
TWO-DOLLAR BILLS ARE  
UNLUCKY!

LET'S GO ALONG WITH  
ONE OF THOSE SUPPOSEDLY  
UNLUCKY TWO-DOLLAR  
BILLS AND SEE WHAT  
HAPPENS TO THE PEOPLE  
WHO OWN IT ...

**W**HERE IT IS... AN ORDINARY  
TWO-DOLLAR BILL...  
RESTING PEACEFULLY IN  
A CASH-REGISTER DRAWER...

NO  
SALE



**B**UT LET'S SEE, NOW...  
WHERE IS THIS  
CASH REGISTER?



**P**APEETE, EH? THAT'S  
IN TAHITI! FRENCH-  
OWNED! SURE, THEY  
TAKE AMERICAN MONEY,  
ANY PLACE! WELL...  
TAHITI IS IN THE  
PACIFIC! ANYTHING  
CAN HAPPEN IN THE  
PACIFIC, THESE DAYS!

I WANT  
ANOTHER  
DRINK!

BEAT IT! YOU'RE  
NOT ONLY DRUNK--  
YOU'RE  
BROKE!



**A**T A TABLE SITS DON  
LEASH OF THE U.S.  
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...  
WITH AN OFFICIAL OF THE  
TAHITIAN GOVERNMENT...

M'SIEU, I HAVE  
SHOWN YOU ALL THE  
TOUGHEST PLACES IN  
TAHITI! NOW I MUST  
LEAVE YOU!  
AU REVOIR!

THANKS!  
YOU'VE BEEN  
VERY  
KIND!



**T**HERE'S A LAD WHO'S  
GOING TO FIND  
HIMSELF IN ALL  
KINDS OF TROUBLE  
SOON! THESE  
PLACES AREN'T  
TOO GENTLE  
WITH HIS  
KIND!

HEY,  
YOU!



**Case of the  
Unlucky Two-  
Dollar  
Bill!**

CASE NO. 11



NATIONAL COMICS









YOU'RE GOING TO SWING FOR THIS, MISTER!



HE MAY HAVE DUCKED INTO THAT DOORWAY!



IF I GET HIM, THE PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED!

QUITE A CATCH, EH, AKIRAMA? I'LL ENJOY KILLING HIM -- RIGHT NOW!

NO! NO KILL YET! G-2 CAN TELL MUCH TO OUR MASTER IN TOKYO -- WHERE WE SEND!



OH-HUH!



OKKY, AKIRAMA! BUT I'LL HANG ONTO THIS TWO-DOLLAR BILL! GUESS IT'S LUCKY FOR ME!

A LITTLE LATER... A SPEEDBOAT, WITH MOTORS MUFFLED, STEALS OUT OF THE HARBOR!...



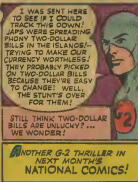
I'LL BE DECORATED FOR THIS IN TOKYO! -- WHERE WE GOING NOW?

TO WAITING SUBMARINE -- FOR TAKE G-2 TO TOKYO!



AT SEA, EH? I'D BETTER PLAY POSSUM, OR THEY'LL SLUG ME AGAIN! -- WONDER HOW GOOD THEY WERE AT TYING ME UP...





ANOTHER G-2 THRILLER IN  
NEXT MONTH'S  
NATIONAL COMICS!

**YES-** RADIO MEN  
ARE MAKING GOOD MONEY  
NOW AND HAVE A BRIGHT  
FUTURE. I'M GOING  
TO START LEARNING  
RADIO RIGHT NOW!



**NO-** NOT ME.  
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE  
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS  
JUST A MATTER OF  
LUCK AND I WASN'T  
BORN LUCKY.

BILL SAID  
"YES"  
HE'S MAKING  
GOOD MONEY  
IN RADIO  
NOW



THE N.R.I. COURSE IS  
PRACTICAL. I'M MAKING  
\$5 TO \$10 A WEEK FIXING  
RADIOS IN SPARE  
TIME WHILE  
LEARNING

YOU CERTAINLY  
KNOW RADIO.  
MINE NEVER  
SOUNDED  
BETTER.

I'M A FULL TIME  
RADIO TECHNICIAN  
NOW. N.R.I. HELPS  
A FELLOW JUMP  
HIS PAY

THANKS



BILL, I'M  
SO PROUD OF  
YOU. YOU'VE  
WON SUCCESS  
SO FAST  
IN RADIO

YES! I'M MAKING  
GOOD MONEY  
THANKS TO N.R.I.,  
AND WE HAVE A  
BRIGHT FUTURE



TOM SAID  
"NO"  
HE'S STILL  
WAITING  
FOR "LUCK"



BILL'S A SNAKE TO WASTE  
HIS TIME STUDYING  
RADIO AT HOME



SAME OLD GRIND --  
SAME GUNNY PAY  
ENVELOPE -- I'M  
JUST WHERE I  
WAS FIVE YEARS  
AGO



GUNNY IS A  
FAILURE --  
LOOKS LIKE  
I'LL NEVER  
GET ANYWHERE

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE  
A FAILURE, TOM.  
UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT.  
WORKING AND WAITING  
WON'T GET YOU  
ANYWHERE

## BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN--More Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before -- I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute  
Established 54 Years

### Big Shortage of Radio Technicians, Operators

There's a big shortage of capable Radio Technicians and Operators because so many have joined the Army and Navy. Working Radio pays better now than for years. With new Radio out of production, radios and sets, which were formerly stocked in, sold at prices to the normal number of servicing jobs.



**EXTRA PAY IN  
ARMY, NAVY, TOO**

How likely do you go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra cash, extra privileges, more interesting duties, much higher pay. Also prepares for post Radio jobs after service ends. Over 1,750 service men enrolled.



audiovisual training, Aviation and Police Radio, and other communications branches are searching for Operators and Technicians. The Government employs thousands of competent civilian and enlisted radio men and women. Radio Technicians have worked on Government radios for radio engineers, engineers (radio men) and kind of the NEW Job Technician. Electronics, and other radio developments will open up the way! This is the sort of opportunity you should take now.

**Many Beginners Make \$5, \$10 a Week  
Extra in Spare Time While Learning**

There's probably an opportunity right in your neighborhood to make money in spare time. Enter Radio. It'll give you the training that has started hundreds of N.R.I. students making \$5, \$10 a week.

sets, within a few months after enrolling. The N.R.I. Course isn't something just prepared in the laboratory of the science world for technical work and research. It has been tried, tested, perfected during the 54 years of our own training schools.

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**COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET**—Famous "Chem-croft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 mysterious Chemistry exhibitions. Sell only one order.



**CAMCOT TYPE CAMERA GIVEN**—This fine Camera takes 16 pictures on each roll of film—easy to operate. Sell only one order.

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A snappy officer's belt and cap outfit with an automatic type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order.

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**GENUINE LEATHER FOOTBALL**—Official size. Tough, sturdy—a swell prize for selling only one order.



## GIVEN!



**GENUINE LEATHER HOLSTER SET**

**BOYS!** Here's that Set you've wanted. "Tasson" type pistol in jeweled holster, leather belt, bandolier and holster—ALL for selling only one order.

Full size ovals, brush, mirror, perfume bottle and powder jar. Given for selling only one order.

**Sing it with Music!**



Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele, decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instructions about FREE. Sell only one order.

**FREE** Secret formula book, with this wonderful prize.

## GIVEN



**5 CLOTH BOUND BOOKS**—Over 200 pages each. Choose any five from 24 thrilling stories for boys, girls and all the family—all 5 given for selling only one order.

**Pretty 5 Piece Toilet Set**



**PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING SET**—Exactly like regular airplane cockpit—merry instrument moves. Gun sight and cannon trigger too. This complete outfit for selling only one order.



## OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

given as explained in our BIG PRIZE SHEET

- Electric Football Game
- War Games
- Army Set
- "Old Spice" Toilet Kit
- Gene Autry Guitar
- Full-size Violin
- Perfume Lamps
- Ice Skates
- Boxing Gloves
- Other prizes for boys and girls and gifts for Mother, too.

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

**BOYS! GIRLS!** Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. All prizes shown above and many others in our BIG PRIZE SHEET are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE SHEET.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 16 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—all at what price you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

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or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_